



WALTER BROWNING;

OR,

The Slave's Protector.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."—MATT. VII, 12.

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REVISED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

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CINCINNATI:

AMERICAN REFORM TRACT AND BOOK SOCIETY.

1856.

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E. W. Andrews

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856,

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District of Ohio.

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## P R E F A C E .

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THE narrative recorded in the following pages is not without foundation. In the main points at issue, it is little else than the autobiography of one whose childhood was spent in those balmy regions, whose paradise of pleasure, bears, stamped in indelible characters, the impress of broken hearts, and the mournful existence of a race doomed to wander, despised and forgotten, through the dark mazes of a life of ignominious slavery.

With the hope, perchance, of arresting the attentions of some youthful readers, and fixing them upon the reality of that which perhaps they little dream exists in our own land, the scenes, herein depicted, drawn from actual life, are presented. They shadow forth the features of an institution whose monuments are sundered ties, bleeding wounds, blasted hopes, the lash, the shriek, the groan, the grave.

Ye who rest in the easy lap of fortune, with scarce a wish delayed, or hope deferred, cast not aside these pages with the presumption that an idle breath of fancy gave them birth. Should they create within you sighs of pity for the lowly and oppressed, or arouse you to a sense of your own long forgotten duty, the highest wish of the Author will have been gained.

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## WALTER BROWNING;

OR,

## THE SLAVE'S PROTECTOR.

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### CHAPTER I.

"GEORGE, Walter will be home to-morrow ! I am so happy to think that now we shall have such pleasant rides again, and another excursion to Fairy Glen."

"Kate, why is it you think so much of Walter Browning ? One would suppose he was your own brother. I am sure I never saw anything to admire in him so much."

"Well, perhaps you have not, but I have. Walter is a noble fellow, and even if he is not my own brother, I should not be ashamed to own him if he was. You thought last summer, because he made you stop whipping little Henry, that he was meddling with what did not belong to him ; but he was right, George ;

you had no business to beat such a little fellow for not minding you, when the overseer had given him other work to do."

"I tell you, Kate, Walter missed it in seeking that quarrel with me. The fact of it is, he is getting so full of these Northern notions against slaveholding, by his going to school there, that he will soon want to drive us all before him, and have us obey him alone. No! Walter may come and go again; and you may treat him as well as you please, Kate, but he need expect no favors from me."

With these words, George Bell hastily left his sister standing in the garden, where the above conversation had taken place. Kate returned to the house, to busy herself in some little preparations for Walter's coming, which she had just announced to her brother. Here we will leave her, while we introduce the personages already spoken of more particularly to the reader.

George and Kate Bell, were children of Horace Bell, a wealthy planter residing in the central part of the State of Alabama. At the time of which we are speaking, George was entering upon his fourteenth year, while his

sister was something more than a year his junior. Born, and living from infancy, upon their father's plantation, their education had been entrusted to family tutors, and yet, with George at least, but little advantage had been derived, mainly owing to his being allowed, as a general thing, to have his own way. Never were brother and sister more unlike, and the dissimilarity had been not a little heightened by Kate's decided partiality for Walter Browning, her half-brother, being a son of Mrs. Bell by a former marriage.

Walter, just now entering upon his eighteenth year, was, in obedience to the provisions of his father's will, attending a noted seminary in Pennsylvania, where he was rapidly acquiring those branches of a useful education which were to fit him for the honorable discharge of the duties of life. He was the possessor of a quick and inquiring mind, combined with those noble and generous qualities, of natural gift, that gave him the keen discernment and sober judgment of a person of maturer years. He was familiar, to a point, with the general topics of the day, and upon no subject had his attention been more engaged than that of slavehold-

ing. While a mere boy, witnessing such scenes as should put human nature to blush, he became deeply impressed with the truth that this infamous system could not but be looked upon with abhorrence by God, the creator of man in his own image. With his removal to school, came a change of association. Northern sentiments naturally took the place of previous impressions, though not without candid and serious reflection; while his yearly visits to his mother, affording, as it did, opportunity to see the workings of this horrid traffic in human souls, served but to strengthen him in his opinion. He had, during his last visit, expressed, with considerable freedom, his well-conceived views upon the subject, not only to his mother, but also to George and Kate. He had, as has been intimated, drawn upon himself the ill-will of his half-brother, by compelling him to desist from brutally punishing a little negro boy, and this difficulty had not yet been forgotten. Kate loved Walter, dearly. Her young soul caught the glimpses of that noble and true-hearted feeling which swelled his breast, and we can not, therefore, wonder that she looked with eager anticipation to a

happy reunion with him on the morrow. Cæsar, the old coachman, was ordered to have out the best carriage in the morning, to bring Walter from town; and he, receiving the command, very good humoredly wondered, "dat Miss Kate should lub dat young boy, so much."

Mr. Bell, perceiving, with much regret, George's continued aversion to Walter, entrusted him with the commission of some business with a planter in an adjacent county, which would necessarily detain him from home several days. He hoped by that time the feeling would perhaps wear away, as he wished his son should avoid any open show of dislike for one who was always gladly welcomed home.



## CHAPTER II.

WALTER'S arrival at Glenwood, which was the name Mr. Bell had given to his plantation, produced not a little excitement. Even the slave children, for whom he always brought a variety of presents, had learned to respect, and even to love him.

"Mas'r Walter come! Mas'r Walter come!" was passed from mouth to mouth, and from hut to hut, so that when the carriage reached the spacious park which surrounded the mansion, a joyous group of little blacks stood ready to welcome, with broad smiles, him whom they had learned to look upon as a friend and benefactor. Beneath each of those panting bosoms beat a heart as susceptible of every good impulse as yours, reader, or mine. Each had a precious soul for which a Savior died; a soul doomed to wander through the dark mazes of a life of servitude, dependent upon the bounty of one to decide whether it be trained for a blissful inheritance beyond the tomb, or be left

in lonely neglect. That one was Horace Bell. Upon him rested this awful responsibility. And would you know how deeply he was impressed with a sense of his charge? The reply is briefly written, in *dollars* and *cents*. Human beings are rated, as other articles of merchandise, at a certain market value, and the self-satisfied owner of this group of eager children, regards them as but the representatives of so much *cash*. Such, indeed, was the melancholy thought of Walter Browning as he leaped from the carriage, and received the warm greetings of his mother, Kate, and the whole family of servants. The day was spent in narrating the various little incidents that had occurred since his last visit, for all of which ready listeners were found.

"Come, Kate," said Walter, after tea, "the moon is rising, and we shall have time to visit the quarters. Old Aunt Chloe must be anxiously expecting a call from me, and as I have a gay red shawl to present to her, I rather think she will not object to my paying her the earliest attentions."

Kate readily assented to the proposal, and in a few moments they were prepared for the

walk. Taking the nearest path to the huts, they were soon approaching the lowly dwelling of Chloe, an aged negro woman, who had been employed as a nurse in Mr. Bell's family for a number of years.

"O! Walter," cried Kate, suddenly stopping, "I forgot to tell you that there has been a trader here, who wants to buy old Chloe. He has gone into some of the upper counties, and intends to stop on his return, to hear pa's decision."

"Can it be possible, Kate," exclaimed Walter, "that your father entertains the least idea of parting with such an old and faithful family servant?"

"Yes, Walter, it is even so; for I heard pa say, only day before yesterday, to the overseer, Mr. Wilson, that she was now quite too old to be of any great service, and he would rather put what she is worth in a good, able-bodied slave."

"Merciful Heaven! Can it be that I am in a Christian land, and hear this?" exclaimed Walter, still more astonished. "Inhuman traffic! to which neither the hoary hairs of age, nor the warmest ties of affection, offer

any plea! O, Kate, may God, in his mercy, look with pity on those who can thus basely trample on His laws, and stain their hands with their own fellow-creature's blood. Of all I ever could have dreamed of, that was unholy and unrighteous in this blot upon our country's honor, I never supposed it could come to this, that an old and valued servant, upon whose knees the children of two generations have first learned to climb; who is bound by every tie of affection and regard, should be thrust off in her old age, when she most needs the protection she has so honestly earned. Tell me, Kate, has Chloe been told of this?"

"No, I believe not; but indeed, Walter, you must be more careful how you express yourself openly on this subject, for you know how angry Southern people are, to hear any one talk against slavery, especially on their plantations among the slaves, who may often be roused to rebellion by a very slight cause."

"That may all be, Kate, but my honest sense of right I must, in duty bound, express. Not only is this inhuman business a crime against our fellow-man, but a base transgression of God's law; and I sincerely and solemnly

pledge myself to use all the powers He has given me, in opposition to such wickedness. I shall receive from the trustees of my father's estate, next week, my yearly stipend, and if I can prevent it, Chloe shall never be carried from Glenwood, unless it be to a life of freedom. But here we are at her hut. Hark! What sound is that?"

Together they listened with breathless attention for a moment, for the sound of a subdued moaning issued from the partially opened door of the hut, which they discovered, on a nearer approach, to be the voice of one praying. By the aid of the beams of the full moon, which penetrated through the crevices of the log house, they beheld the aged Chloe kneeling by her bedside, and apparently in an agony of grief, pouring her sorrows into the ear of Him who has promised to comfort the afflicted ones of earth, who put their trust in His mercy. What a beautiful and touching sight was here revealed! a sight meet for the gaze of angels in heaven. It was evident, from the few words that Kate and Walter could distinguish, that Chloe had heard of the scheme on foot, to sell her from her old home, and with a heart over-

flowing with grief, was seeking, in her humble way, the protection of God. Simple child of sorrow! He hears thy complaint, and bending from His throne on high, lo! He sends a ready answer to thy petition, for even at the very door stands one who is to be thy deliverer from bondage!

As the voice ceased, Kate and Walter entered the hut. With an ecstasy of delight, the old woman grasped each by the hand, and tried to speak, but the rising words were choked with tears, and dropping her head upon her bosom, she wept like a child.

"O! Chloe," cried Kate, "do not feel so. I don't believe papa will sell you! There, dry up your tears, and try to be cheerful."

"Cheerful, Missis," exclaimed Chloe, "how you 'spect I be cheerful, when I hear dis news? De Lord know whether I ebber do one ting dat was not right to mas'r and missis. Dis so many years I been here, and He know dat I been to you all a true servant. Yes, tank God, He know it, for he see into black people's hearts, as well as white ones. And now it come to dis, dat I must be sold away from de ole place, when I am feeble, and need de folks'

care." Here, again, the old woman, overcome by the impulse of her feelings, sobbed bitterly.

Walter was the first to break the long silence that ensued. "Chloe," he said, "you have prayed to God to help you. Trust in Him, and you may be sure He will find some way to deliver you from your troubles. Those who steadfastly believe in Him and His precious promises, will always find a sure abiding refuge to which they may ever flee. Here I have for you a fine shawl, and I will come down to-morrow and see you, and have a long talk with you. It is getting late, and we must hurry back to the house; so, good night." With many thanks and blessings from the old slave, they left the hut, and hastened back to Glenwood.

How highly favored are those on earth who are blessed with the opportunity to minister to the lowly and despised. What a rich inheritance are they laying up in store, where the moth and rust that corrupt earthly treasures never find a place. Especially should this truth sink deeply into the minds of children. Remember, wherever you may be placed, that when you remove, by little deeds of kindness

and love, one burden of sorrow from an aching heart, God's blessing will rest upon you; a blessing that will be worth infinitely more to you than all the honors you can get from the world.

Such was the spirit that influenced Walter Browning, in his endeavors to comfort the afflicted Chloe. The next morning found him early on the way to her humble cabin, where he remained two or three hours, much of which time was spent in reading to her those passages from Holy Scripture which convey peculiar consolation to those who are bowed down with grief. He assured her that he would be to her a friend and protector, and would not suffer her to be sold from her old home, still to continue in a life of bondage. With such comforting words, the anxiety and sorrow that had filled Chloe's breast with tormenting fears, were soon removed, and Walter left her with the pleasing consciousness that he had done what he could to alleviate the distress of this faithful and suffering servant.

Let all who read this narrative be inspired with the same love that prompted these noble acts. It is the love that filled His breast, who

“came not to be ministered unto, but to minister;” who hath earnestly and affectionately exhorted all who desire to follow the path of duty, wherever it be found, to imitate his blessed example. While you admire the generous feelings of Walter, forget not your own duty. It is simply this, that whenever and wherever you find a similar opportunity to do good, you hesitate not to embrace it, with the full assurance that God’s blessing will rest upon you.



## CHAPTER III.

THE plantation of Horace Bell required at least two hundred negroes to perform the labor of the fields. These were scattered about in the little settlement, known as the "quarters," where to each family was given a small hut often scarcely capacious enough to accommodate all its members. Yet with all inconveniences, trials, and sufferings, they were most of them tenderly attached to these little homes; and such, indeed, is the general characteristic of the negro. Every tie, every association of home, however humble, becomes linked to the heart with a bond of union that knows no separation, at least in memory. Thus it happens that we rarely find them seeking to escape, unless under peculiar and aggravated circumstances of persecution. With Mr. Bell, this occurrence had of late taken place quite frequently, owing to the excessive cruelty of his overseer.

John Wilson, who held this post, was a com-

plete compound of all that can be found in human nature that is coarse, brutal, and repulsive. His chief recommendation, and the principal reason why Mr. Bell kept him in his employ, was, to use his own words, simply this, "He can conquer any nigger I ever saw." This assertion, in the main, was true. He could devise and execute plans of cruelty and torture scarcely equaled in the annals of the inquisition. For this privilege of tormenting his own fellow-creatures, and glutting himself, day by day, with the most heart-rending groans and piercing shrieks of his suffering victims, John Wilson received what the world would call a handsome salary. Yet little, perhaps, did he dream that, with this ill-gotten gain, he was laying up in store a bitter account, of which he should reap the fruits in that day when we shall be "judged of the deeds done in the body."

In one instance, at least, Wilson found a subject not easily subdued, in the person of Scipio, a tall, powerful African, for whom Mr. Bell had recently given in exchange the sum of one thousand dollars. Scipio's late master was a resident of the northern part of the

State, and dying bankrupt, his slaves became the property of his creditors. Their demands were to be satisfied, and a slave auction was immediately advertised, which Mr. Bell attended. We can not now enter into the details of this brutal exhibition, suffice it to say, that Scipio, who had ever sustained the character of a faithful servant, was separated from his wife and children and brought to Glenwood. This, in brief, is his history. The cruel separation from all that he held most dear on earth, seemed to completely dry up every source of good in his heart. He became sullen, gloomy, and reserved. He thought of nothing, spoke of nothing, but his loved ones left behind; and in this state, the fiend Wilson, on the very morning of Walter's visit to Chloe, prepared, with exulting triumph, to subdue him under the lash. But for once the overseer had overrated his ability. At the first blow of the whip, he found himself stretched at length upon the ground, with the hands of the negro clenched firmly in his throat.

Wilson's struggling cry for aid caught the ear of Walter, who was passing at the time. It was but the work of a moment for him to

dash through the thick waving corn, and reach the spot, where he beheld a prostrate form, with a countenance so blackened by suffocation, that it was with much difficulty he recognized it to be that of the overseer. Above him was bent the giant form of Scipio; who, with distended eyes, and an expression of rage fixed upon his broad features, seemed to watch with pleasure the struggles of his victim. Instantly comprehending the state of affairs, Walter gently laid his hand upon the slave, who, without speaking, slowly withdrew his grasp from its firm hold. He made not the slightest resistance, but raising himself to his full hight, threw up his arms wildly, exclaiming, "What have I done! What have I done!" Wilson lay still, apparently lifeless. Walter, hastily dispatching a negro for some water, raised his head upon his knee, and commenced fanning him with his broad leghorn hat, while Scipio sat motionless upon the ground, anxiously watching his movements. Before the return of the slave with water, the overseer came to himself, and gazing wildly around, tried to speak. Walter kindly bade him be as composed as possible, while Scipio, overjoyed

at the symptoms of returning consciousness, involuntarily exclaimed, "Thank God, he live!"

"Who is that?" said Wilson, speaking with the greatest difficulty.

"It is Scipio," replied Walter; "he is thankful that your life is spared."

"Ah! It is Scipio, is it? Let me up, while I break his black skull. Strike me, eh? Strike me, eh?" and overcome in his struggles to rise, the overseer sank again into a state of apparent unconsciousness. Taking some cold spring water that had just been brought, Walter dashed it into his face, and again revived him. At this moment, Mr. Bell, who had been informed of the occurrence, came hurrying to the spot.

"What does all this mean?" he angrily exclaimed.

"I can very easily explain to you all I know of this matter," calmly replied Walter; I was passing along the road on the edge of the corn-field, when I heard a cry for assistance from this direction. I hurried to the spot, and found Mr. Wilson lying upon the ground, while Scipio was clenching him in the throat.

I had no difficulty in removing his hands, and have succeeded, as you see, in restoring Mr. Wilson to consciousness. Of the cause of the assault I am entirely ignorant."

As the overseer was not yet in a state to explain the matter, Mr. Bell ordered him to be carried to the house, while Scipio was locked up in the guard-room, to await punishment.



## CHAPTER IV.

FOR a day or two succeeding the events narrated in the last chapter, John Wilson was confined to his room, from the effects of the rough treatment he had received from the hands of Scipio. Walter had several times plead earnestly with Mr. Bell for the slave's release, but he was not to be moved by entreaty. Accordingly, on the morning of the third day, all of the hands were summoned together, early, at the quarters, to witness the punishment to be inflicted for striking an overseer. All the arrangements for the inhuman exhibition being completed, Wilson, with a detachment of negroes, proceeded to the guard-room to bring out the victim who, by the cruel lash, was to atone for the crime of seeking to defend his rights. Thirsting for revenge, the depraved mind of the brutal overseer fed itself upon the eager anticipation of soon requiting to the full, for the injuries he had received; and it was with a fiendish smile of self satis-

faction that he applied the key to the door. It opened to receive him, but with a loud exclamation of surprise he started back; Scipio had escaped!

Immediately all was confusion, for the news spread quickly over the whole plantation, and instant preparations were made for the pursuit of the fugitive. Horses were saddled, pistols examined and loaded, and four of the best slave hounds brought from their kennels to have their appetites sharpened by a piece of raw meat.

It may not be known to some of my readers, that it is customary in some of the Southern States to keep a pack of hounds, who are trained to catch runaway slaves. They are taught in every way to look upon the negroes with aversion while at home, so that they may the more eagerly pursue them when they have escaped. Some planters do not keep them, but they can always be supplied, in case of need, by those who engage in the business of training them, and hiring them out to those who require them. But Horace Bell had no occasion to resort to this expedient, for he had been accustomed to keep, for several years, a

sufficient number to supply him in case of emergency.

Thus, we see, that the man who has so far lowered himself in the scale of humanity as to engage in the sinful employment of enslaving his own fellow-creatures, must call to his aid the assistance of the savage bloodhound ; man and brute united. There is something appropriate in the fellowship ; yet it only serves to add fresh heinousness to a crime already sufficient to blast the prosperity of any people.

All being ready, the party in pursuit set out on its mission. Mr. Bell led off the procession, mounted on a noble white charger, while Wilson, with a few trusty slaves, followed. The hounds were already far in the distance, and their deep, hoarse bay, as it was borne along on the floating breeze, seemed like a knell to the hopes of the fugitive. Walter was earnestly entreated to join in the pursuit, but pleading the necessity of dispatching some letters, he repaired to the library, to spend the morning in writing, not, however, till, on bended knee, he had earnestly prayed to God to deliver the persecuted Scipio from the hands of his pursuers.

One of the choicest blessings which a republican government like our own secures, or should secure to all who live under it, is liberty; by which is signified, freedom to enjoy the rights which God has given us, without the restraint or interference of others. Such freedom belongs, of right, to all men. The declaration which proclaimed the American Colonies free and independent, expressly says that this must be so. That declaration was followed by a resort to arms, and earnest appeals to God, to sustain a young and feeble nation through the bloody contest. The cry was heard. An unseen guiding hand bore the feeble multitude to victory against opposing hosts; the weak became strong, and tyranny and oppression gave way to the sacred principles of justice and right. We call those thus trampled on, who dared assert their claim to the privileges of freemen, *patriots*. They were *noble, true and brave*.

Now, reader, mark the sequel. See, on the very same soil, the poor, despised African, who manfully struggles to possess the same inalienable rights, hunted like a wild beast of the forest; bought and sold as a mere chattel, or

article of merchandise; in a word, deprived of everything which makes life sweet and pleasant. How sacred does human nature, in its holiest and happiest state, hold the ties of relationship! With what tender love and affection do we minister to every want of those who are endeared to us by so many bonds of union! How does the heart linger around its early home; the home where dwells perhaps a fond father or mother, to whose care we are indebted for so many blessings and privileges. Nowhere do these feelings dwell with firmer hold than in the heart of the negro. To them, no pleasure can atone for the absence of those with whom they have loved to dwell. The rude hut, sweet with the fragrance of climbing flowers, humble and lowly though it be, is yet the dearest spot on earth.

Such were the impulses that led the persecuted Scipio to escape from his imprisonment. He knew whither his dear wife and children had been carried after his cruel separation from them, and he fled from the scene of his trials with the brave resolution of rejoining them once more, or perishing in the attempt.

Mr. Bell returned with his party at noon,

defeated in the object of his search, for even the quick-scented hounds had failed to pursue, for any considerable distance, the track of the fugitive, as he had evidently crossed and recrossed streams for the purpose of baffling their skill. Walter's heart leaped with joy when he heard this announcement made, while he secretly thanked the Giver of all good for his kind protection, so openly vouchsafed, to one held in unjust bonds. He who despiseth not the lowly and contrite, stoops in pity to bless the persecuted slave. As the perfume of the crushed flower rises to the pure air above, so do the cries of these forsaken children of sorrow ascend to the throne of heaven, and find acceptance there.



## CHAPTER V.

ON the morning succeeding the events just narrated, Walter arose with the sun, to enjoy the pleasure of a ride on horseback, before breakfast. Proceeding to the stables, he quietly selected and saddled his horse, not, however, without exciting old Cæsar's attention, to whom the sight of a young gentleman bringing himself to what is commonly considered a servant's office, was somewhat novel.

"'Pon my word," exclaimed the old coachman, "if dere aint dat young Massa Walter, wid his own horse all saddled and bridled by hisself. If Massa George want a horse, he sure to tell me, in sassy kind o' way, 'to fotch him up to de house.'"

The truth was simply this: Walter never troubled another to do for him what he could do himself. He scorned to employ the services of a race doomed to servitude and neglect, and he felt within his own bosom a spirit of independence more elating than the richest

dependent upon such ill-gotten offices can ever experience. As he rode out of the park, the rising sun, just glancing over the green meadows, the luxuriant growth of the Indian corn, and the ripening fields of grain, seemed to rejoice in the loveliness of the scene. The bright dew glistened upon each blade of grass, loading it, as it were, with a rich profusion of brilliant gems. Walter involuntarily reined up his horse to admire the beautiful spectacle, yet his heart saddened at the thought that such a lovely portion of our country should be the home of the slave.

Having proceeded some three or four miles over a road winding through dense, fine forests, occasionally passing some rude clearing, or recent settlement, Walter was on the point of returning, when his attention was arrested by the voice of some one calling to him from a distance. Riding on a few rods farther, he came, at a sudden turn of the road, to the spot whence the sound proceeded. A rough looking personage, carelessly attired, was sitting idly upon the ground, while two ferocious dogs appeared to be feeding on the remnants of what had probably been his morning meal. At the

sight of Walter, the dogs sprang up, manifesting, by savage growls, their displeasure at the approach of a stranger, but a sudden kick from the immense cowhide boots of their owner, sent them both howling into the bushes.

"Look' a here, Mister! I am glad you have come back, for I reckon you can give me a little kind of information about these roads. Now, here I've been since four o'clock yesterday, and I don't know which way to stir."

Here the speaker paused, evidently waiting for an answer, but Walter was busied in taking a survey of an outward appearance which betokened but little good within.

"You needn't be afeard to speak, young man! The dogs are gone, and they wont hurt you, I reckon. If it's me you're afeared of, you might jest as well stop your uneasiness, for the Lord knows I wouldn't hurt a hair on your head."

"Oh no, my friend," said Walter, "I was not afraid of either you or the dogs; I was waiting to hear something of the direction you wish to take."

"That's it, is it? Well, I want to know

the nearest road to Horace Bell's plantation. That's the spot I'm steering for."

"You are now on the road that leads to Mr. Bell's house, and you are not more than three miles from it. I am about turning to go back, and if it will be any assistance to you, I will willingly show you the way."

"Now you talk like a man; but I can't be ready anyhow in less than half an hour, for I've got the horses to catch and harness, and beside that, three niggers to feed, that are in that wagon there in the woods, if they've stopped their crying and moping long enough to eat anything yet. Come down and see them. I expect to double my money on this trip."

"Are you, then, a dealer in human flesh?" exclaimed Walter, with sudden surprise, as the man turned to show him the direction to the wagon.

"Human flesh? Where did you get that word, young man? I never see a nigger yet that was half human. Still, I don't care what you call it, human flesh, horse flesh, or any other kind of flesh, I've got some of the full-blooded stock. Jest come this way a minute."

Walter dismounted, and throwing his horse's bridle over the limb of a tree, followed the dealer in the direction he had taken. A winding path, almost completely overgrown by weeds and bushes, led them at length to a shady nook in the forest, entirely shut in from the sun's rays by stately trees, aided by the clambering vines that ran at will through their branches. In the center of this inclosure, stood a large covered wagon, in the bottom of which Walter distinguished the forms of three negroes, two men and a woman, tied hand and foot. Their haggard and care-worn countenances betrayed the sad marks of cruel usage, and imploringly their eyes were raised at the sight of a stranger.

"There, my young fellow, is a bargain," roughly exclaimed the so-called owner of the disconsolate trio. "Master mortgaged his plantation for gambling debts; had to raise the money; and so got these for less than half what they'll fetch in market. Perhaps you are one of those Northern Abolitionists, as they call them, that think it a sin to buy and sell niggers, and are all the time preaching against it?"

"I am, thank God," said Walter, "a Christian. I believe, from the bottom of my heart, that he who enslaves his fellow-men, sins against God and man. He is degrading and debasing, in every way possible, beings to whom their Creator has given souls, to be saved or lost, though I can not but believe that their blood will be required at the hands of their destroyers."

"Well, Mr. Preacher, how much more such nonsense as that have you got into that head of yours? Let me tell you one thing, and that is, if you go on letting off such doctrines as that in these parts, you may get a hole in your hide, rather sudden. The next thing you know, you'll be for trapping off a nigger or two to the North, and then, if you are caught at it, you'll be done for."

"Why is it," said Walter, manifesting some irritation at the speaker's last remarks, "why is it that Southern men, as a general thing, are so extremely sensitive in regard to this subject? Must they not see and feel that they are engaged in that which is a foul disgrace to humanity? You can not speak to one of them in relation to the crime of slave-

holding, but what you are instantly met with scorn and hatred. Now, I call myself neither a Northerner nor an Abolitionist. I was born at the South; have grown up, most of the time, upon a plantation; and my mother and step-father, living near here, are slaveholders. It is true, I am pursuing my education at the North, yet my home is here, or at least I so consider it, for the present. Still, with all these early influences, I long ago became convinced that this bartering, selling and trading in human souls, was morally wrong, and I believe it to be the imperative duty of every man, and especially every Christian man, throwing aside all terms of party and distinction, to raise his hands and voice against such iniquitous practices. It is a curse that should be driven from our land at once."

"Well, now, young man, you are pretty good at talking; just answer me one question. Why is it, if this is such a bad thing as you say it is, that it has been allowed to grow up and continue on so? Wouldn't it seem as though, if it really was such an awful thing, that people's eyes would have got opened to it before this, and some kind of stop put to it?"

"I can best answer your question," replied Walter, "by a few words from that good book, the Bible: 'The love of money is the root of all evil.' It is the root of this, the greatest of evils. Here you hold, under your laws, and yet without the protection of those laws, a race of men whom you buy and sell, of course for purposes of gain. Their labor is employed in the tillage of the fields, under the mistaken idea that such labor costs the least. Here, again, you see the same principle of money-making at work. Now, are you at any loss to see why Southern men cling to slave labor? Am I not right?"

"Why, perhaps now, you may be. I never thought on it exactly so before. We keep 'em to buy and sell, and trade off; to turn a few dollars now and then, when a fellow gets a little cramped for money, and I believe that's all they're good for."

"You admit at once, I see, the very reason I gave you, why slaveholders and slavedealers cling so strongly to their opinions. It all lies in the purse. Now let us look at the subject in another light. I said that planters were mistaken in the idea that slave labor was the

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most valuable simply because it is maintained at little expense. It will serve as a general rule, in labor of all kinds, that that which costs the least produces the least. Now, I have not the least doubt, but what, with the vast agricultural resources which the South possesses, her yearly products might be more than doubled by the substitution of free labor for the present method. Intelligence is an essential requirement, in order to make every available use of our agricultural facilities. This the South can not possess in the African part of the population, since every means is employed to lower them in the scale of mental and moral improvement. They are held in a position far more degrading than the brutes, and, in some sections, for shame be it said, it is a crime to teach a slave to read. The laws do not protect them; they have no redress or hearing in courts of justice. They live on, from day to day, in the same round of toils and afflictions, willing oftentimes to sink into the grave, even though the light of the blessed Gospel has never revealed to them a ray of hope beyond. Now, sir, can you wonder that the labor of such is not the most productive?

Besides the duty involved, it would be the policy of the South to exchange slave labor for free; but so long as this curse remains upon her, just so long will she remain in ignorance of the real wealth of her resources. It is time, however, that I should return home. You will have no difficulty in finding Mr. Bell's house, as this road will lead you directly to it."

"Well, good bye, young man," said the dealer, as Walter mounted his horse to return to Glenwood, "you've got some respectably common sense about you, and talk like a preacher, though I can't go all your notions about these niggers. Like as not, if I live long enough, I may stumble over you again, somewheres or other, and then I'll hear a little bit more of your spouting."

"I hope," said Walter, as he rode off, "you will live long enough to see the sinfulness of your present mode of life."

## CHAPTER VI.

“DUTIES are ours, events are God's,” says the proverb, and by this precept did Walter Browning strive to direct his daily course. He was persuaded that in his constant efforts to befriend the poor slave, he was but following the path of duty, and with earnest faith he looked to a higher than earthly power for aid and protection. On his return, after the conversation related in the preceding chapter, his mind was filled with anxious forebodings in reference to the business that called the slave-dealer to Mr. Bell's. He knew too well that it was no other than the purchase of Chloc. He had waited in silent fear, trusting that the event might for the present be deferred. Now the trying hour was at hand, and he prayed earnestly for inward strength, that he might become the protector of the weak and oppressed. He had hoped that Mr. Bell might, when the time arrived, be prevailed upon to relinquish the idea of selling Chloc, yet, the

recent loss of Scipio, he felt, would weigh heavily against any such presumption. Still, in order to leave no means untried, Walter resolved to seek an interview with his stepfather, and endeavor, if possible, to prevent the sale. This, he was assured, was his only immediate resort, as some two or three days would still elapse, before he would be in possession of the means to purchase her himself, and release her from bondage. Learning, on his arrival at the house, that Mr. Bell was in the library, he repaired thither at once, to undertake what seemed to him an almost hopeless task.

“Well, Walter,” said Mr. Bell, as he entered the room, “been taking an early ride, eh? Enjoyed yourself too, no doubt. The weather is now so delightful, that it is perfectly refreshing to scent the cool morning air; don’t you think so?”

“Yes, sir,” said Walter, with a manner that evidently showed the weather to be the farthest subject from his thoughts; “but I have come to have a conversation with you on an entirely different subject that interests me very much.”

“Well, sir, I shall be pleased to hear you.”

"I believe, sir, that you have some idea of selling Chloe, have you not?"

"Yes, sir, I have; but wherein does that interest you?"

"It interests me, sir, in several ways. Chloe has been a good, faithful servant in the family for many years. She has become attached to her home, and to those with whom she has lived. She has now become too old for active labor, and I think it will be a cruel act to sell her away to a home where she will be unlikely to receive any pity, or even good usage."

"And that is the very reason," interposed Mr. Bell, "why I design parting with her. She is too infirm for any work that I have at present, and I think she will be as likely to find a good home somewhere else, as she has here. And now too, that infernal Scipio has taken himself off, and I must have another hand to supply his place."

"Well, sir, since you are determined to sell her, may I not purchase her of you?"

"Nonsense, boy! what put that notion into your head? I should suppose you had sufficient ways for your means without buying up such old grannies as Chloe."

"That may be, sir," replied Walter, "but I have always sufficient means to spare for the cause of humanity. You know that I regard the practice of buying and selling slaves as morally wrong."

"And does your opinion make it so?" exclaimed Mr. Bell, in an excited manner.

"My opinion, sir, is founded on the law of God. Its precepts teach us that this iniquitous course is a foul crime against man, not only, but his Maker."

"Why then do you seek to become a participator in other men's sins, by purchasing Chloc, if these are your candid sentiments, I should like to know?"

"For no other reason than to release her from the thralldom of slavery. Whatever means I so employ, I shall regard as consecrated to a high and holy purpose, for which I seek no other reward than that to be derived from the consciousness of having done my duty."

"Really, you are a noble, self-sacrificing youth," said Mr. Bell, in a sarcastic tone. "I, for one, however, have heard enough of such foolishness; and I command you never to

introduce the subject to me again, or on my premises. It is no more than was to be expected from the silly idea of schooling you at the North. Here you are with your head full of the notions of these hot-headed Abolitionists, and I can not but forbid your promulgating them where I am likely to suffer in consequence."

Walter's heart sank within him at this discouraging repulse, though the feeling was but momentary. He still hoped that a way would be opened for the consummation of his wishes. To Mr. Bell's last remarks, he made no reply, knowing that his increased displeasure might, in some manner, thwart his plans for the future. He therefore quietly left the library to join his mother and sister, just as a servant announced a stranger at the door, who desired to see Mr. Bell on business.

"Why, Walter, my dear," said his mother, as he entered the dining-room, "we have become quite uneasy at your absence. Where have you been this morning?"

"Enjoying a fine ride on horseback, mother, full of romantic adventures, hair-breadth escapes, etc. I encountered in my travels, an

avaricious personage, in the form of humanity, but destitute, I am sorry to say, of the nobler qualities that should adorn it."

"I wonder if it was not that horrid looking slave dealer, that I just saw going up stairs with pa?" said Kate.

"Very probably the same one," replied Walter. "His dogs were on the point of devouring me, but he kindly did me a favor in driving them off. I then endeavored to display my gratitude by giving him some sound ideas in regard to his vile business, and about the only answer he gave me was, 'that I talked like a preacher.' This of course I received as a compliment, and after directing him to Glenwood, I left him."

"Why, Walter, what made you tell him where we lived?" exclaimed Kate. "Perhaps if he couldn't find the road, he would have gone away."

"I rather prematurely gave him the information, Kate, before I discovered who and what he was. However, I should hardly wish to accomplish my plans by such unfair means as misguiding a person from his road. I suppose now, poor Chloe must be sold. Sad as

the event will seem to me at least, I am yet not without hopes that she may find deliverance."

"Walter," said his mother, "why do you not try to persuade your father to relinquish the idea? I certainly have reasoned with all my powers, but without avail. Perhaps your influence might do some good."

"Mother, that I have already done," replied Walter, with much feeling. "I have attempted to reason, and have been met with stern rebuke. No! Chloe must yet be led another step in the darkened path of slavery; another link must be added to the chain that fetters a human being—fetters the body, but thanks to a higher power, not the soul. She trusts in One whose protecting care will never desert her."

Further conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the very personage whose fate was filling their minds with anxiety.

"Oh! Missus," exclaimed the disconsolate Chloe, as she rather fell than walked into the room, "Oh! Missus, must I go? Must I go? Massa been gone and sent down to hab me pack up all my tings, and be ready to go and

lebe you all! Can I ebber do it? Oh! it 'pears like as if my poor heart would break."

Overcome by the intensity of her anguish, Chloe sank to the floor and wept; and bewailing her fate, she yet prayed to God to have mercy on those who would thus deliver her up in her old age, to seek a home afar off. Kneeling by her, Mrs. Bell and Kate endeavored to soothe her troubled spirit; but, alas, the bitter change that agonizing grief had wrought upon that convulsed frame, forbade the ministration of comfort. She had passed into that state of mental stupor succeeding severe suffering, which brought with it complete resignation to whatever might follow. Slowly rising, she bade each one an affectionate adieu. Even the servants who had gathered around, wept as she pressed each by the hand, with the earnest petition, "May de Lord bless you, and keep you from such trouble as mine." Last of all, as she grasped the hand of Walter, and every memory of his kindness came rushing back to mind, words to him at least could never express what the heart would bid them utter. Standing for a moment with his hand pressed in hers, she gazed into his face with an eager-

ness that seemed to say, "Can I never see you again?"

"Trust in God, Chloe; He will not leave nor forsake you," was all that Walter could say, as Mr. Bell entered with the dealer to transfer what had now become the property of the latter. Words were short and few. The wagon was at the door, and in a few moments Chloe was out of sight of Glenwood.

Thus ended the parting scene; and would to God that they who daily mingle and participate in scenes like these, with hearts too hardened by long serving in sinful pursuits to feel another's woe, would ponder awhile on the awful meeting yet to follow these separations. "After death cometh the judgment," and when the oppressed of earth are gathered with those who might have ministered to their comfort, the bitter condemnation will proceed from lips that alter not, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

## CHAPTER VII.

SAD, and yet not without hope, did Walter muse on the events of the day, as he sat by his window the evening after Chloe's departure. To a sensitive nature like his own, the scene he had that day witnessed, brought the most harrowing and anxious thoughts. Long time, as he watched the falling stars, he revolved in his mind the various plans that suggested themselves as to his further course. He could not desert Chloe, and yet how uncertain the prospect of being able to discover any trace of her, should he attempt to do so. Still, there was yet hope. It was more than probable she would be taken to Mobile, it being the usual resort of slave-dealers, in order to command the largest prices for their negroes. There too, resided the trustees of his father's estate, from whom he could now receive the sum yearly allowed him, until he should attain to manhood.

"Yes, I will go!" he exclaimed to himself. "It may all yet be well. I may find her, and be still, as I have trusted to be, her deliverer

from these accursed bonds." And then he knelt down and prayed earnestly to God that, if it was his gracious pleasure, the attempt might be crowned with success. He besought the Father of all good to look down upon those bowed beneath the galling yoke of slavery; to soften the hearts of their persecutors; and to hasten the day when this blot should be removed from a nation's honor. And such may the fervent petition be, of all who read these pages. Rest not in the quiet hope that in good time, this unhallowed crime will cease to exist, but labor and strive, and most of all, pray, that the hour may rapidly approach, when millions now groaning beneath the lash, may look up and welcome their deliverance. Give not over the work, till the noble deed be accomplished, and rest assured that this blessing, which is rich beyond price, will be yours to enjoy.

Early on the following morning, Walter departed on his journey for Mobile, leaving a hastily written note for his mother, in order that she might not be alarmed at his absence. Proceeding to the nearest town, Montgomery, he found a steamer bound down the river, upon which he engaged passage. Upon making

some inquiry, he learned that a man agreeing with the description he gave of the slave dealer, had left the day previous for Mobile, with several negroes. Taking fresh hopes from this information, Walter felt greatly encouraged to keep on his way, not doubting but what a merciful providence would watch over his path.

To a stranger, the navigation of the southern rivers, presents many new and interesting scenes. The high bluffs, at which steamboats are often obliged to land, so widely different from the capacious wharves of other sections of the country, give rather an imposing aspect to the scenery. Walter Browning was a lover of nature, in all its varied and beautiful forms, and as he gazed upon these frowning cliffs, his mind recurred to those lofty palisades and impending peaks of the noble Hudson, immortalized by the pen of Irving. Divesting the Hudson of the rocky boldness of its shores, it bears no unequal comparison with the great central river of Alabama. The latter, hemmed in by steep banks, which are covered with the thick undergrowth of an almost tropical climate, winds noiselessly upon its way, bearing

the rich burdens of the South to the sea; burdens, gaining for some worldly wealth, and a gay vision of happiness; while to others they are but the monuments of misery and pain. The same vessel that bears upon its decks piles of the snowy cotton, is bearing perchance to another scene of woe, the slave whose ill-gotten labor gathered it from the fields.

At one of the landings upon the river, during Walter's passage, a man came on board having with him a negro woman and a young child. The mother was evidently not of pure African blood, being of the lighter complexion, known as the mulatto. Tall and well formed, with straight hair, and eyes of brilliant jet, she drew the attention of every one. Though still evidently young in years, her careworn countenance sadly told of former distresses. Her child, a bright and beautiful boy of some eighteen months, clung eagerly to his mother, as she walked or was rather pushed through the crowd, to a cleared space upon the forward deck. His features were regular and finely formed, while his limbs presented the pitiful spectacle of a horrid deformity. Yet this seemed but to increase the devoted attention

with which his mother ministered to every want. The passengers gathering around, bestowed upon the little fellow numerous presents, and Walter in particular paid him special attention by many marks of favor, feeling abundantly rewarded by the mother's grateful thanks, and listening to his innocent prattle. Unaware that his movements were observed, he had again resumed his seat in the after part of the boat, when a tall well dressed person, of gentlemanly appearance, taking a position opposite, commenced a conversation with the remark, "That's a bright boy you was playing with just now, stranger."

"Quite so," replied Walter, "a very promising child, as far as intellect is concerned, but I am sorry to see that he is badly deformed."

"Ah! yes," was the careless retort of the unknown individual, "that's bad, quite bad, sir; but still, I think he will out-grow it in time, sir: overcome it, without a doubt, sir."

"He may possibly," rejoined Walter, "but it is a pitiful sight to behold now."

"Stranger, what would you be willing to give for that boy? I bought the mother cheap, and I don't want her to be burdened

by this little cripple. It will hurt the sale of her."

"You see one before you, sir," exclaimed Walter, shocked at the proposal, "who would never, thank God, be guilty of the inhuman crime of separating a fond mother from her darling child. Ask me not, sir, for any offer, the acceptance of which would bear sorrow and desolation to a heart, as susceptible of refined and noble feelings as yours or mine. I shudder at the very thought that this enlightened age can boast of an institution, whose works are chiefly such as that you propose to accomplish with me."

"Pshaw! nonsense! don't you know these niggers get over their feelings mighty quick? I never knew one to die of grief yet; however, I see its no use talking with you;" and, so saying, he turned on his heel and walked rapidly away.

For a long time Walter sat absorbed in reflections upon this, to him, new development in this base and merciless traffic. How inhuman! how utterly devoid of every principle of good, the idea of parting asunder a mother, in whose bosom are centered all the impulses

and desires of natural affection, and her own innocent, helpless offspring; and that too, when that very helplessness is made a serious deduction to the mother's value! Consider it, ye mothers, upon whose knees are climbing the prattling innocents, whose every want your watchful care supplies: can you ever, as you press the loved one to your breast, with a heart o'erflowing with grateful joy, dream of that pang of misery that rends the bosom of her who beholds her darling child carried away, never again to know the tender influence of a mother's protecting hand? It may be, you have gazed upon the marble features of some loved little one, whose glad presence a while shed a holy joy in your happy home, now cold in the embrace of death. Tell me, as your lips for the last time on earth press that icy brow, would ye not rather it were so, than that your lost child was doomed to a life of servitude and neglect, never more to cheer your heart? Think then in that hour, when bowed with grief of sorrowing mothers, who have beheld their tender offspring consigned to the awful horrors of a living death! Remember too, that the laws of a Christian land allow such

inhuman deeds, and forget not in your own affliction, to breathe a prayer to God for these persecuted children of toil; that He would send them deliverance, and grant them the power of His saving presence.

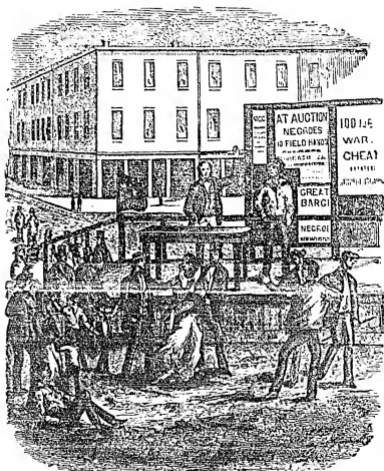
When next Walter saw the individual who had conversed with him on the sale of the deformed child, he was still evidently bent upon closing a bargain, being engaged in pressing his suit upon a planter, who was to leave the boat at the next landing. Walter staid not to hear the conclusion of the matter. His heart sickened at the thought of such barbarity, and he hastened away. The landing was made, and as the boat was leaving the shore, a piercing shriek, accompanied by the wild exclamation, "My child! my child! give me my child!" convinced him that the deed was accomplished. Stealthily the child had been taken from her, and as the dread truth was fully realized, she became frantic. Rushing wildly to the side of the boat, she cried in piteous tones, "My child! My child!" But alas the cry was vain. "My God, I can not live! I can not live!" she exclaimed in agony. Her master attempted to seize her, but it was

too late. A plunge, a splash of the waters, were the only sounds that told that the troubled soul was at rest from earthly toil. The waves closed over the grave of the persecuted slave mother, while her child was left still to bide the unseen trials of a life of servile dependence. "God have mercy on both of them!" exclaimed Walter to himself, as the boat moved on. The only one who openly expressed regret at the occurrence, was he who had by it experienced the loss of several hundred dollars. Scarcely one of the giddy throng reflected that a fellow-being had sacrificed her life under circumstances that served but to add horror to the scene; that rather than become the victim of a law which would force her offspring from her, she had willingly embraced death, and with it the untried scenes of eternity.

Arriving at Mobile, Walter dispatched his business as speedily as possible with his guardians, and then sought without delay to find out Chloe. He could ascertain nothing of a satisfactory nature, until, in looking over a newspaper, his eye fell upon an advertisement of an auction of slaves on the succeeding day. In the list of slaves enumerated as being for

sale, was "Chloe, the late property of Horace Bell."

At the hour appointed, Walter was upon the ground, to witness for the first time in his life the public sale of human beings. Within the square pen appropriated for the business, stood a large platform, raised about four feet from the ground, the top of which was reached by a narrow flight of steps. Around this were collected in groups, the slaves advertised for sale, whose souls were yet to wander another journey in the darkened path of bitter persecution. Here, a father clinging to those most dear, fearing lest the cup of their happiness is to be dashed to the earth by the cruel hand of separation; there, a fond mother bathing the cheek of her boy with tears of sorrow, as she dreads to hear the summons that may call him from her sight forever. Upon the countenances of most of them was fixed the sadness of despair, though now and then the spirit of some one not yet bowed down by sorrow, would give vent to its joy by humming or whistling a negro melody. Amid the throng were passing and repassing, buyers and sellers, traders and speculators, carefully inspecting



the articles of merchandise—dealers in human souls, chuckling over the prospect of a favorable bargain, or subjecting some old field hand to a close examination of limbs, eyes, teeth, etc., with as much scrutiny as a jockey would exercise upon an untried horse. Among the group, Walter recognized the purchaser of Chloe, eagerly engaged in impressing upon another individual the various good qualities of the hands in whose sale he felt interested.

“Here,” said he, coming to Chloe, “is a good, sensible old woman, not so old, however, but what she can do some work yet. Stand up, granny, and let us see what you are made of.”

On hearing this remark, Walter pressed through the crowd, and came sufficiently near to see the object of his chief attention, but still unwilling to be recognized by her at the present stage of proceedings. Poor Chloe looked sad and dejected, as she obeyed the imperious demand just made, and rose to her feet.

“Old rack of bones!” cried her examiner with a foul oath, “I’ve had enough such property die on my hands. I tell you what, friend, it’s mighty risky business to deal in

these old toothless mementos of bye-gone days."

This attempt at witticism was received with peals of coarse laughter by the assembled fraternity of slave-dealers, who evidently seemed to regard it as a capital joke. The humble object of their wicked merriment, quietly resumed her seat, and with composure seemed to wait for the issue. Though an ignorant and despised person, Chloe was nevertheless a sincere Christian, at least so far as the knowledge she had received during a life of menial servitude would grant. She had often heard with delight of Him, "who, when he was reviled, reviled not again," and she trusted with a steadfast assurance, that His heart of mercy and tenderness would feel with the sorrows of the lonely on earth.

In a few moments the loud call of the auctioneer, that the sale was about to commence, was heard, and while expectant purchasers and speculators were securing the most eligible positions, the unhappy victims of the occasion, glanced with despair at each other, waiting in dread silence for whatever might betide. What heart, not encased in adamant,

would not be moved to pity, as yonder mother weeps over that dear son, a bright boy of some dozen years, alas, too fearful that the hours of their companionship on earth are numbered? See that aged father, as he clings to the daughter whose gentle ministerings have 'ere this soothed his declining years, while the awful reality of a cruel separation, scarcely yet revealed, fills his soul with agony. Turn to that huddled crowd of human beings, where a family are engaged in the sorrowful interchange of affectionate remembrances, which may prove the last this side the grave. The sale begins and proceeds. Walter, in an obscured position, waits anxiously for Chloe to be called upon the stand. Soon the wished for moment arrives, and the aged servant with difficulty totters up the staircase, and appears before the peering gaze of the assembled crowd.

"Here, gentlemen," exclaimed the auctioneer, "you have a quietly disposed old lady, lately purchased from the plantation of Horace Bell, near Montgomery. This is sufficient to vouch for her good raising. She is sold for no fault whatever, and will prove undoubtedly a good

house servant. How much, gentlemen, am I offered for Chloe?"

"Fifty dollars," cried a voice in the crowd.

"Rather a low start, I must say," continued the salesman, in a loud tone of voice. "She is good for ten years yet, gentlemen: don't be afraid to risk something. Going at fifty dollars! fifty! fifty! did I hear seventy-five, sir? Thank you, sir," as Walter nodded assent to the inquiry. "Seventy-five! seventy-five! eighty! eighty! only eighty dollars bid: try again, young gentleman, eighty-five! eighty-five! Do I hear any more? I declare it's too bad to sacrifice property in this way. Going at eighty-five! one—two—three! Sold, for eighty-five dollars. Name, sir?"

"Walter Browning."

"Oh! Mas'r Walter! Mas'r Walter!" exclaimed Chloe in an ecstasy of delight, as the name of her purchaser was announced, "Oh! Mas'r Walter, God bless him!"

"Come, clear the stand!" rudely retorted the auctioneer. "Here young man, take your property into safe keeping. Settlements are made at the conclusion of the sale." So saying, he rather roughly pushed the old woman

one side to make room for the next upon the list.

With what a thrill of joy did Walter clasp again the hand of his friend. The wealth of worlds could never repay him for that one moment of happiness, as he beheld his wishes crowned with complete success, and his heart murmured a prayer of humble gratitude to Him who had watched over his paths.

Leaving Chloe in the care of a friend in Mobile until his return to the North, Walter set out for home, resolving for the present at least, to withhold from his relatives any information in regard to his purchase. Kate surmised something in relation to his business away, for as she ran with all eagerness to meet him on his return, she inquired whether "he had seen Chloe?" Walter evaded the question as adroitly as possible, asking her at the same time, for his sake, to make no further mention of the subject.

## CHAPTER VIII.

DURING Walter's absence, his half brother, George, had returned, and though at first he seemed inclined to indifference, yet Walter's generous behavior soon dispelled all feelings of enmity. Several days were delightfully spent in excursions to various romantic spots in the vicinity. In all of these, Kate was a welcome companion, adding not a little to their stock of enjoyment, by her wild merriment.

"Well, Walter," said George, as the two were returning from a ride one morning, "what say you to another excursion before you go back? I've a notion we try another hunting excursion, such as we had last summer. You remember what glorious fun we had, don't you?"

"Yes, I remember it well, George," replied Walter. "I never shall forget that wildcat adventure we had on our return. Often, on a cold winter's night, at school, when we have all been gathered around the fire, have I terri-

fied the boys by telling the story of that escape. I for one shall be pleased to go again on just such a trip."

"Agreed!" cried George with delight; "shall we start to-morrow?"

"I think to-morrow will be rather early. You know we have our guns to clean, ammunition to provide, and our stock of eatables to get ready. To-day is Thursday; suppose we wait till Monday morning, and then we can take the whole week if we want it?"

"Well, I am willing," replied George. "Let us take every thing we want."

We will not follow him through the lengthy enumeration of required articles. Enough evidently was wanted to satisfy every want that might arise, and the intervening days were not found more than ample time to make the necessary arrangements.

Early on the ensuing Monday morning Walter and George, duly equipped, sallied forth from Glenwood park, each on horseback and accompanied by two noble hounds. The morning was the best that could have been chosen for the purpose. A slight shower the night previous, had enlivened and refreshed

the whole face of nature, and nothing seemed wanting to further the enjoyment of the young sportsmen. Taking the narrow road through the pines, which had so lately been the scene of Walter's adventure with the slave dealer, they journeyed on till noon, where they halted by the side of a cool stream to refresh themselves and their horses. Late in the afternoon, Walter proposed to select a spot for the night encampment. This was soon accomplished, and while he busied himself in the erection of a rude hut, composed of the boughs of trees, George started out to explore the surrounding country, and to take sufficient wild game to provide their evening meal. He returned about sunset, with a few wild birds, and reported the discovery of traces of deer, upon the banks of a stream, according to his estimate, a quarter of a mile distant.

Walter was much pleased at this information, and concluded on the following morning to make a thorough examination of the locality. After a hearty supper, eaten with the greater relish after the fatigues of the day, our two hunters retired to rest, and were soon in a profound slumber.

By daybreak the next morning, they were getting ready for another day's travel, and it was decided that while George was preparing their morning meal, Walter should visit the spot where the former had seen the tracks of deer. On reaching the place, Walter was not long in satisfying himself of the correctness of George's report, and while he stood examining each mark, in order to discover if possible the direction which the deer had taken, the deep bay of one of the hounds told him that they had also discovered the scent of the game. Starting with the first impulse of the moment, Walter pressed on in the direction from which the sound came, forgetting that George was already probably waiting his return to breakfast. His anxiety to capture the first deer, dispelled every other thought, and hastily examining the lock of his gun, as he pushed forward, he looked eagerly for the first signs of the approach of the game. The hounds were evidently in close pursuit, judging from the lengthened intervals between their cries, and Walter had barely time to gain the summit of a small cleared eminence at a short distance from him, when a noble stag burst from a

thicket opposite. Taking deliberate aim, Walter fired, when the proud animal with one toss of his branching horns, fell to the earth. Reaching the spot in time to witness his last death struggles, Walter perceived that the ball had taken the course he designed, and penetrated deeply into his skull, so as to cause almost immediate death. Drawing a hunting knife, he drew a crimson stream of blood from the neck of the animal, which the panting hounds licked up as it flowed upon the ground. At a short distance from the spot, in a narrow ravine, Walter now perceived a hut rudely constructed of branches, from whose top issued a cloud of curling smoke, which betokened that it was a human habitation. Anxious to ascertain who could have selected this wild spot for a place of residence, he descended the hill, leaving the hounds in charge of the slain deer. Led by a narrow path, overhung with thick branches, Walter with difficulty reached the spot where he had observed the hut. Wondering more and more at every step, he entered the opening reserved for an entrance, but started as the dim light that reached the farther corner of the cabin, revealed to his gaze

the sight of the form Scipio, the slave, stretched upon a bed of leaves. Raising his head at the sound of approaching footsteps, with a shuddering groan he sank back, supposing that he was at last discovered by his pursuers. Setting him at ease, however, with the information that Mr. Bell had given up the search for him, Walter learned from his lips, as he could feebly relate it, the story of his escape and flight. He had been closely pursued by the hounds, but managed, by adroitly crossing and recrossing a stream of water, to evade their keen scent. Pushing on swiftly through the forests, with but little attention to the direction he was taking, he continued his flight, long after night had afforded him some protection by its darkness. By doing so he had the misfortune to fall over a ledge of rocks, in consequence of which he was for two days unable to stir from the spot. Here he lay exposed to the burning rays of the sun, suffering not only from his numerous wounds and bruises, but from the excessive privations of hunger and thirst. Finally, however, he managed to crawl to the foot of the hill, where he was greatly refreshed by quenching his raging thirst in the

cool stream, and bathing his limbs in its waters. Having taken the precaution to bring with him in his flight a gun and ammunition, he had succeeded in securing a sufficient number of birds to satisfy the cravings of hunger, and was continuing to improve in strength until two days previous, when a burning fever set in, which was now raging with great fury.

Walter listened with a sorrowful heart to this recital, and instantly commenced doing what he could to alleviate the poor sufferer's distress. The powerful hand of disease had laid hold on his giant frame, already weakened by his severe fall and loss of food, and to all this was added the want of all conveniences for ministering comfort. Nevertheless, with a heart overflowing with sympathy, he succeeded in somewhat easing his pain, and promising to return in a short time, hastened back to the encampment, where he knew George must be anxiously waiting his coming. The surprise of the latter, on learning the cause of his detention, was not greater than his own on the first discovery of Scipio. They immediately began to contrive how they should proceed. George proposed that they should instantly leave for home, and

acquaint their father with the circumstances, but Walter positively declared that he would not leave Scipio in his present condition. After much consultation, they finally concluded to remain where they were, for a day or two at least, and then if Scipio was no better, one of them should carry the news home, and obtain help. Hastily gathering up their cooking utensils, with which they had provided themselves, they proceeded at once to the ravine where Scipio lay, one carrying the various stores, ammunition, etc., while the other led the two horses. Walter's first glance at the invalid on his return convinced him that he was rapidly sinking under the disease, and that human aid was of little avail. The wild delirium that ensues from the raging fever had already siezed him, and he lay madly raving, calling his dear wife and children by name, and convulsively clasping his arms, as though they were already within his embrace. Again, he was fleeing from his pursuers, imploring God to deliver him from the bitter fate that would await him, should he fall into their hands. Walter sat by his side vainly endeavoring to check his mad excitement, while

George was busying himself in dressing the deer, which the faithful dogs had not deserted till their return. What heart would not be melted to pity at the sight of that suffering slave, as he lay tossing on that bed of leaves, dying afar from home and kindred, bitterly bewailing his sad fate, though as if by the mercy of heaven, the full reality was hid from his sight by the delusions of a bewildered brain?

Through the long night did Walter watch by his side, and as the day began to dawn, the delirium subsided, while the body sank rapidly under the disease, giving evident tokens of a speedy dissolution. He gently awoke George, who was sleeping on the other side of the hut, and as the two stood watching the gradually subsiding struggles of life, they saw death spreading his mantle o'er the scene, and the spirit of the persecuted slave returning to God who gave it. Then, as they both knelt, Walter, in earnest tones of prayer, besought the Father of mercies to despise not the work of His own hands, but to look with pity upon the departing soul of one who had lived a life of servitude. With sorrowing hearts they arose from the side of the dead slave, and commenced

making preparations for his burial. During the day, with the aid of such implements as were at hand, a rude grave was rather hollowed out than dug by the side of the hut; and here, at the close of the day they brought the now emaciated form of Scipio, and buried it beneath the tall trees, whose waving branches shall sigh his mournful requiem, till the earth and sea give up their dead.

Early on the following morning, Walter and George set out to return home. The sorrowful scenes through which they had passed, left them no relish for the sports of hunting. Each had become newly impressed with the stern realities of death, and the awful sense of a passage from this world to the unseen realms of eternity, especially in the case of one whose life of bondage could have but imperfectly fitted him for the great change. So, day by day, are passing to their endless home the souls of a race degraded to the dust by the laws of a Christian land—souls for which a bleeding Savior's blood flowed from that cross on Calvary, gone to stand before the eyes of Him who judgeth righteously, to "receive the reward of the deeds done in the body,"

whether good or evil. Christian friends! ye who seek to root the galling yoke of slavery from our midst, offer a single petition which He hath taught us, who forgave his persecutors with that simple prayer, "Lord lay not this sin to their charge."

Mr. and Mrs. Bell were both shocked to hear of the sad end of Scipio, though the former rather mingled his surprise with grief at the loss of a thousand dollars; while the brute, Wilson, confessed his disappointment in being deprived of the pleasure of administering his premeditated punishment.

Walter in a short time, bade his friends adieu, and departed for Pennsylvania, taking with him on the way the faithful Chloe. Arrived at the North, he gave her a release from bondage, and secured for her at her request, a situation as nurse in a gentleman's family in Philadelphia.

## CHAPTER IX.

ASSUMING one of the privileges accorded to narrators of past events, we pass over the incidents of a dozen years or more, which are not so intimately connected with our story. Walter Browning, having risen to eminence in the legal profession, resides in Philadelphia, and with him lives old Chloe, who delights, as she fondles the children of her benefactor, to relate to them the story of her life of servitude; and her eyes fill with tears of gratitude as she tells of every little incident connected with her deliverance. Walter, with the same love for truth and justice which always filled his noble heart, labors yet with untired devotion for the cause of the poor slave. Already has he attained an eminent position in a society of note, pledged to use every honorable means to hasten the removal of the curse of slavery from our land. Before we conclude, we invite you, reader, to mingle in the throng that fills one of

the largest halls in Philadelphia, upon the occasion of the annual meeting of this noble society. Here are gathered the wealth, beauty and fashion of the great metropolis, with hearts ready and willing to further in any way the advancement of the sacred ends for which this society was formed. The hall is filled to overflowing. The usual business is transacted, and previous to a collection being taken to aid the society in its deeds of mercy, the president, Walter Browning, rises to address the meeting :

“Friends of the cause which to-night we have met to aid, we are permitted once more to press home to the consciences of all, the duty of sustaining the hands of those who are laboring for the sake of the enslaved and persecuted sons of Africa. Wherever the sacred light of Christianity sheds its holy rays, and men’s hearts become alive to the sense of justice and humanity, should the solemn truth be deeply impressed, that the institution of slavery is an unhallowed crime in the sight of the most high God. Granting this truth, *Christian* men at least can not here idly repose, and

sluggishly folding their arms proclaim to the world that, in the view of the existence of such a giant evil, any attempt to remove it would but result in vain and fruitless endeavor. No! The duty is plainly before us, and with unshaken confidence, in the protection of heaven, we still press forward with the hope that we may yet behold the galling chain, the manacle, and the fetter, cease to bind the oppressed slave of our shores. The right of men to hold the bodies of others, blessed by their maker with all that appertains to humanity, as common chattles for sale or purchase, can not be claimed from the precepts of the divine law. But men's ways are not always God's ways. An inordinate lust for riches hardens the heart, dries up the avenues through which flow the milk of human kindness, and fits the humble dependent upon the bounty of a merciful providence, to lift up his heart and say to his brother man, "I am greater than thou. Thou shalt be my slave, and I will be thy master." Seeing the existence and gradual encroachments of this unholy traffic, Christian men throughout the northern

section of our Union have joined their hands and hearts to remove it from our land. It is true that these praiseworthy labors have been seconded to a considerable degree, yet never with that zeal which such a sacred cause demands. While the advocates of slavery have not failed to grasp at any pretension which might further their mistaken interests, those who should have been most vigilant, have idly slept upon their arms, and suffered the clanking chains of despotic slavery to add fresh victims to its ill-gotten store. What we need is determined resistance to oppression of any sort, let it come from where it may, with the same unshaken resolution, which impelled our noble sires in their contest for free right. We need more of that spirit of inquiry, which will lead men to look this question fully in the face, and, gathering strength from the noble consciousness that it is the cause of justice, religion and truth, be prepared for any emergency, and freely pledge 'their lives, fortunes, and sacred honor,' to give not over the battle till the end we seek be accomplished."

Here then, reader, for the present, we leave

our friend Walter, trusting at some future period to chronicle the remainder of his worthy deeds for the sake of the poor slave. If aught in his example prompts your soul to pity, remember that to him who beholds duty's path revealed, the simple command is given, "go, and do thou likewise."



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OFFICE AND DEPOSITORY OF THE  
**American Reform Tract and Book Society,**

NO. 28 WEST FOURTH STREET.

CINCINNATI, *February 1, 1856.*

THE AMERICAN REFORM TRACT AND BOOK SOCIETY, it is believed, is the offspring of necessity, brought into existence to fill a vacuum left unoccupied by most other Publishing Boards and Institutions—its object being to publish such Tracts and Books as are necessary to awaken a decided, though healthful, agitation on the great questions of Freedom and Slavery. This is its primary object, though its constitution covers the broad ground of “promulgating the doctrines of the Reformation, to point out the application of the principles of Christianity to every known sin, and to show the sufficiency and adaptation of those principles to remove all the evils of the world and bring on a form of society in accordance with the Gospel of Christ.” To spread these principles of the Society broadcast over the land, it was at first thought a weekly newspaper was indispensable, and the “Christian Press” was sent abroad, as on the wings of the wind, and we doubt not has done its mission for good. But, as funds were not furnished in sufficient amount to carry on a weekly issue, and add to the number of Tracts and Books demanded, a year since, the Press was reduced in size, and issued only monthly. This change in policy has enabled the Society to relieve itself of a debt which, a year since, threatened its existence, and to add to the number of Tracts and Books, and, at the late annual meeting, to show assets, in Stereotype Plates, Books, and Tracts, to the Amount of over \$2,500, including \$1,184,

## CIRCULAR.

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in cash on hand, and clear of liabilities. This favorable change in the affairs of the Society, it is hoped will restore confidence, and lead the *active friends of Freedom and Reform* to come forward in voluntary co-operation with the Directors, and add largely to our number of Tracts and Books, and to commission Colporteurs.

The offer of \$100, for the best manuscript for an Anti Slavery S. S. Book brought to our hands forty-eight competitors, and, although the prize was awarded to but one, there are a number worthy of publication; and thus, many useful books will be added to our list, if the means for publishing are provided. Besides these "competitors," we have other manuscripts for Tracts and Books, which we wish to publish without delay.

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